*Ben.* This wind you talke of blowes us from our selves,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
*Rom.* I feare too early, for my mind misse-gives,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights revells, and expire the terme
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sute: on lusty Gentlemen.
*Ben.* Strike Drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth with Napkins.*

*Enter* Romeo.

*Ser.* Where's Potpan, that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners shall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they unwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.
*Ser.* Away with the join-stooles, remove the Court-cupboard, looke to the plate, good thou save me a piece of March-pane, and as thou loves mee let the Porter let in *Susan Grind-stone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy ready.
*Ser.* You are lookt for and cald for, askt for and sought for in the great chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, cheerly boyes,
Be briske a while, and the longer liver take all.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.*

1. *Cap.* Welcome Gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with Cornes will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes daintie,
She 'Ile swear hath Cornes: am I come neare you now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have seen the day
That I have worne a Visor, and could tell



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